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A Child's Dream.

Dear mother, said a little boy,
I thank you for this pretty toy;
But yet I do not wish to play
For I most read and think today.

I had a pretty dream, last night—
I saw a land where all was light;
There was no sun nor stars nor moon,
And yet it was as bright as noon.

I do not know what made it light,
But all I saw was pure and white;
And all the little children, too,
Had pretty dresses, white and new.

Those children took me by the hand,
And led me through the happy land;
They told me many stories, too,
And I will tell them all to you.

They said they never could grow old:
They never feel the heat nor cold;
They never weep nor mourn nor cry;
They never sleep; they never die.

Their land is from this earth above;
A land of peace a land of love.
They said that I, your little boy,
Might live in that bright world of joy.

They said there was a book on earth,
That tells about a Saviour's birth,
And I must read that book today—
Dear mother teach me how to pray.

O mother dear! what makes you cry!
You do not think your boy will die?
I am not very well today
But I will run and laugh and play.

Mother, I ran among the trees
And felt the cool and pleasant breeze.
But I must read my Bible now—
Here put your hand upon my brow.

Look mother, look up in the air:
I see those pretty children there.
O, mother, do not cry and weep—
I shall get well if I can sleep.

O no, I can not stay here long—
Hark do you not hear that pretty song?
How sweet it is; how soft and low—
Kiss me dear mother, I must go!

—*Unknown.*

Things in General, Some Things in Particular.

In my last I spoke of Talmage. He lectured before a very large audience. His subject was: "The school of Scandal." He said there were more graduates from this school than any other, and much of the social and business troubles came from their work. Those who had been guilty of this sin, must have twisted under his keen, sharp knife. If ever a cold stream of truth was poured on an audience it was on the other evening. Talmage is a large man, his voice is loud, but rather husky, this may have been from previous labor. His gestures were few, his thoughts came out in solid chunks, when a sentence was ended the thought was out. When you leave him, you do not feel like making a noise by laughing, he has told you rather more truth than you expected. It stays by you, and after thinking over the matter you make up your mind to hear him again at the first opportunity.

Those who cry union most are not the ones to be trusted most. The devil desires union. Eve united with him and lost Eden. Ahab united with him and lost his life. Judas united with him and betrayed Christ. There may be a union in which a good principle is betrayed and a wrong principle made to trimuph, when men have and are supporting the same principle, then, and then only can there be union. There can be no successful union between the annual meeting principles and the gospel principles. Let the men who believe in the gospel principle come out and unite with those who are doing good. I plead for union as strong as any one, but not in the way two snakes were united. The big snake swollowed the little one, rolled his little black eyes, and said: we are united. I believe in union but on the gospel platform only, working in different fields under the same flag.

One time there were some chestnuts in the coals. It the room were a monkey and a cat. The monkey wanted the chestnuts, but did not want to burn his fingers, so he caught the cat took her paw, and drew the chestnuts out of the fire. One time there were some progressives in a place, and there were some conservatives. The latter wanted some of the former, but they did not want to do the work. So they said we will send for so and so, the progressives all like him, we will get them back, and cripple preacher blank, and some of the people said: we will work and plan so as to make a point in the same direction, and some ignorant of the truth and how matters stood, were used as a cat's paw, and lo! in place of pulling out the chestnuts, both the monkey and the cat got burnt.

"Chicago has 'high license' and eighteen miles of saloon frontage!" so says the Philadelphia Methodist. "In the spring of 1885 during *nine weeks* time, the city of Boston issued 2579 licenses to sell intoxicating drink, and two permits to preach the gospel on the public grounds." So says the Safeguard. This paper could be filled with extracts of like character. The fact is rum has a foothold in this world hard to shake, and the way to do is to come out fair and square and prohibit it. Do not chain the tiger with so many feet of links, but shoot him. Saloon advocates of a crucified Christ does not sound nice does it? Put alcohol down! Put it out! Do not trim the branches, cut the root and the tree will die.

We have some sickness in the church at present but hope by the time this is read all will be well. I wish you all a happy Xmas and New Year. May the work be more successful next year than this.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

Trans Missouri Flashes.

To day is Dec. 13th. Weather is beautiful.

We are spending this day in reading, praying, thinking, weeping and under the impulses of mingled emotion.

This is an intelligent, kind-hearted and moral community, but Oh so hard to win to Christ.

Our strongest opposition lies in the influence wielded by some of the best and most moral people of this community. Some sinners who are very forcibly under conviction because of sin are hiding behind the good moral character of these men and woman.

Two of our converts here are from the German Baptists. They are two sisters of our brother and co-laborer B. L. Gordon, of Ind.

There are quite a number of German Baptists in this country who ought to unite with the Brethren, and why they are waiting for the sickening A. M. elder dose, is a mystery to us.

Last Sunday we went to a German Baptist appointment, but their preacher failed to put in an appearance. By request we preached in his stead. Bro. Farbney should have been on hand, especially when he knew that wolves (?) were right among his flock. Is it possible that John 10:12 might apply in this case? Perhaps (?) it was sickness.

O what a grand thought that Christ is our brother.

Malice and the spirit of Christ can not dwell together.

What the world needs most, is not stale stereotyped, and theoretic church formality, but a crucified buried, but risen and eternal living Christ.

O God, "save us from this untoward generation" which spends over ninety million more dollars in one year for whiskey than for Christ.

Christ is the "rose of Sharon" and blooms for ever in the hearts, lives and character of his people.

Christ is the "Lily of the Valley" and developes his beauty, innocency and tenderness in his living epistles—his people.

It is rejoicing to know that God is better acquainted with us than we are ourselves. "He knoweth our frame."

O sinner cry for mercy.

"Yea our God is merciful," are you not glad of it my brother and sister?

I just paused to rest awhile and meditate, but took up a Sam Jones sermon book and read S. J. on prayer. Bro. Jones has a peculiar way of saying things, but if his advice on prayer were heeded more, there would be more true Christian enjoyment. O how true. "Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw. Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw."

Dethroning Christ is dethroning reason. Where else could we go?

W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Nickerson, Kansas.

Lathrop, Cal.

Our protracted meeting closed last night. The congregations were very good, every thing considered, for this place. The interest manifested was such as to give us encouragement for the present and hope for the future. One made the good confession, and will be baptized, I trust in in the near future.

Elder J. W. Beer, from Altamont, was with us the most of the time, and preached seven sermons, all logical, practical and interesting. Those who heard them enjoyed them, and those who missed hearing them, lost a valuable lesson, or lessons from God's word.

During our meeting, Bro. Beer and myself were called away to see a sick brother, of whom Bro. Beer may speak in his correspondence. In our absence Bro. Plummer conducted the services. On Saturday, 10th, was our quarterly council. Not many members present, but those who were, were active in the necessary work to be done. The "dollar plan" for the College was adopted, and a faithful effort will be made to raise our part. Some of our members, however, have already given all they feel able to give.

Sister Kilhefner and myself were appointed to receive contributions in behalf of the College.

On the evening of the 10th we met at the house of Bro. Wm. Myers, and held a very pleasant communion service together, Bro. Beer officiating. Truly we feel the life-giving power of such meetings. Jesus said, "If ye do not eat of my body, and drink of my blood, ye have no life in you."

Bro. and sister Beer started for home this morning, feeling pleased with their visit and realizing that their labor has not been altogether in vain. Hope our brother will come again whenever he can do so.

J. P. WOLFE.

Lathrop, Cal., Dec. 4th, 1887.

Auburn, Ill.

I closed meetings at Auburn, Ill. on the 21st, with six additions. During the meetings the roads were either fearfully and wonderfully muddy or as rough as a new land slide, the nights dark, and something else going on in the town almost every evening. I closed however with a high opinion of the brethren here. They are progressive, intelligent, and generous to a fault as they generally are and should be everywhere.

The Christian sentiment of this locality is strong and effective with but little of the smallness that so frequently characterizes religious denominations where theological competition runs high.

The Auburn communion meeting held Saturday evening was thoroughly apostolic and consequently enjoyable. It was the first communion meeting I ever attended that apologizing for observance of the ordinances was dispensed with and the novelty and propriety of the departure from the "usage" was gratifying.

I leave Auburn with many tender emotions. When shall we meet again! Perhaps not with any, at least not with all until the shadows of life have blended into the eternal. Bro. Ridenour and his estimable wife have a pleasant charge here and enjoy it. I believe I did not meet with one sour-visaged sad-souled individual in this locality. The sun of prosperity and the sunshine of fraternal affection are happily blended here.

Made my home with brother Ridenour and it was a good home too. They have my thanks. Had many kindnesses shown me and to enumerate all would be less interesting to others than to myself.

Here is my hand to brother and sister Mason and my wish for their domestic happiness and prosperity.

Begin meetings at Ocoya the evening of the 24th.

I received a letter from sister Lizzie A. Derr, of Decatur, Ill., some ten days ago requesting meetings there. I answered her letter promptly and was surprised to get it back unopened just before leaving Auburn. Somehow she failed to get my letter and I in consequence failed to get to visit her. She is an old and trusty soldier of the cross and for several years trained with God's little squadron among the Hocking Co. hills, and at one time lived in our family. If she will drop Bro. A. M. Ridenour a card he has agreed to try and visit her locality and give them some meetings. "Hold the fort" Lizzie and your days of religious isolation may not be oppressive.

J. H. WORST.

Aurelia, Iowa.

Last Lord's day we closed one of the most successful Sunday Schools here that the church has ever held since its organization. And to the success we have had in our revival this fall we owe largely to the efforts of our brethren in the S. S.

Thus it should be and thus it will be if our brethren will work with a zeal in this nursery of the church.

At the conclusion of the S. S. exercises our little folks were rewarded and made very happy by nice little presents in the shape of books.

At our last regular meeting in the evening, Dec. 11th, three came forward when the invitation was given, one from the German Baptist church and a gentleman from the Catholic church and his wife. This makes in all 17 additions since the latter part of October.

Our hearts rejoice. I want to say that the membership largely of the Aurelia church are alive to the work and don't wait for, nor expect, the preacher to do it all. But push the work to the very gates of the enemy—satan. Not only at meeting but all the time—every day of the week, in short, whenever there is an opportunity to do good.

Brethren let us purify ourselves by obeying the truth. Pray for the cause of Christ every where and then work that your prayers may be answered—as God has commanded.

We are at this writing at Marcus, Iowa, at the hospitable home of Bro. and sister Lehman. Bro. Swihart is here to organize a church, and is hard at work. Last night which was the third meeting, Bro. Swihart gave an invitation and 4 came over—leaving human traditions behind. And after meeting others intimated that they would take the same step. I will close with this as Bro. Swihart will give a full report after the meetings are through.

Yours in Christian love.

W. S. MCCLAIN.

Eighty thousand pupils and sixteen hundred teachers were registered in the Chicago public schools on the recent Fall opening.